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ABOUT JACK MORMONS.

As a missionary evangel the Tribune is not a shining angel of success. For three years up to three months ago, it sat at the feet of Joseph F. Smith. With local and imported blackguards and sneaks it did its best to neutralize all that had been done and all that was being done toward making Utah a real American state. To men and journals who were protesting against the yieldless assumption of fifteen high priests that they had a right to rule this people, and to appeals to the rank and file of the Mormon people to assert themselves in political affairs and to be real American men and women, the Tribune every day interposed its direct or implied denial that Utah was any different from any other state or that the Mormon church was in any way different from any other church, in exercising political control over its own people. It sent its agents to the Mormons with instructions that its first mission was to further the election to the Senate of the United States of a Mormon Apostle. No appeal to its American pride could move it; no appeal to its honest pride and sense of justice could bring any response from it save now and then the coarse abuse of a blackguard.

But at last the butter-in boss who controls it, who, by an infamous deal with this same church, had reached a place which in the old days was reserved for those who by brain and heart and faithful and exalted service had earned it and by the authority which the exalted station carries with it, had dominated Utah politics for three years, was suddenly baffled in one of his political schemes, and never having been disciplined in anything, for revenge threw off his lion's skin, put on the skin of an ass and began to bray for reform. Some listened and obeyed. We are not here to impeach their sincerity or the integrity of their motives and if we doubt somewhat their judgment, we keep in mind how easy it is for men to be mistaken.

But the old dominating power behind the Tribune is still inciting the chumps under its direction, to continue to insult decent men and women who refuse to bend their knees to it, as much when it comes in the form of a braying ass as when it assumed to be a roaring lion. While inveighing against church influence and assuring men and women that all it wants is for them to be free, it in another column huris the epithet of "Jack Mormon" at all who will not accept its dictation. That is, the determination to restore, in

another form, the same old boss rule that was a worse infliction on Utah for three years, than any church rule that ever degraded the people and paralyzed the arm of progress.

We suggest to the Tribune that such work is not good missionary work. It does not convert people, it does not frighten people, but it does kindle a spirit of resentment and a disposition to retaliate. And, if that spirit becomes fully awakened, we give the Tribune notice that despite its money and despite the unscrupulous brains which it commands, it will have all it can do, to prove that it is not itself, if not the worst, at least the meanest and most degrading menace that Utah was ever afflicted with.

There are still left a good many people who never sought church influence, who have protested against it from the first, but who have too clear a sense of right and too much self respect, to acknowledge any right of the Tribune to become custodian of their consciences.

MR. CLEVELAND'S DEFENSE.

Mr. Cleveland's defense of his administration—the articles he published prior to the nominations for President, have been put in book form under the heading "Presidential Problems." Considering the charges so recklessly hurled at the President during the late campaign, especially the charge of his trying to reduce Congress to obedience to his imperious rule, some of the things in this book are almost laughable. For instance, he gives his account of the Venezuela incident and cannot refrain from adding: "The fact must not be overlooked that, notwithstanding this treaty was promoted and negotiated by the officers of our government, the parties to it were Great Britain and Venezuela. This was a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the work accomplished was thus saved from the risk of customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate." Think of the assurance of that sentence and the insolence of it. What is there in the brain of Grover Cleveland, what was there ever, to give him the slightest justification for using such language as that towards the Senate of the United States? What enduring hate he exhibits by it. When he became President, he did not pretend to understand the tariff question. Mr. Lamar pumped him full of the idea of a tariff for revenue only. The Wilson bill was framed on that basis and sent up to the Senate. The industries of the country at the time were prostrate, every factory wheel was still. When the terms of the tariff bill were cabled to Europe, a shipload after shipload of foreign goods was sent out to dump upon our depressed market.

Mr. Gorman in the Senate took the bill as it went up from the House and tore it to pieces with some five or six hundred amendments, the Senate passed it in that form; the House concurred in the amendments and as amended sent it to the President. He was so enraged that he raved like a lunatic, declaring that it "was perfidy and dishonor" and was so angry that he refused to sign it, but left it to become a law by limitation. That was nearly eleven years ago, and notwithstanding the miracles he has since seen performed under a protective tariff, he is still mad, and at this late day huris his imprecations at the Senate,

filled as it was and is by scores of men, each superior to Grover Cleveland in every element of statesmanship. And this is not saying very much for him, for the evidences of Mr. Cleveland's gifts in that particular, despite his manifold opportunities, are lamentably difficult to locate.

His discussion of the Chicago strike and his sending of troops there is plain, but he stumbles fearfully when he tries to justify his acts in issuing the bonds in a time of profound peace and selling them at a shameful discount to the Morgan-Belmont syndicate. He pleads that every bond issue was unsuccessful in stopping the drain upon the public store of gold, that while Mr. Morgan and Mr. Belmont and scores of other bankers who were accessories in these transactions, may be steeped in destructive propensities, and may be constantly busy in sinful schemes; I shall always recall with satisfaction and self-congratulation my association with them at a time when our country sorely needed their aid."

No doubt that is true, for at a time when business was prostrate and millions of men were made bankrupt, Mr. Cleveland was able to retire with more wealth than all his predecessors in the Presidential chair, combined, possessed. And he could not make a living in his profession in one of the most progressive cities of the Republic.

It is justice to say this, because he knew those same bankers, not daring to invest or loan money on the common property of the country, simply forced currency upon the treasury and drew out gold, to compel the issuance of interest-bearing bonds, which they absorbed as fast as issued, buying them at 93 cents and running them up to \$1.18 in a few weeks. Mr. Cleveland knew what they were doing and could, in a moment, have stopped them as Secretary Manning did in his first administration, by a threat to meet their next raid upon the treasury by paying them silver dollars.

It was simply a colossal robbery of the country's taxpayers, but the result was such that at this late day Mr. Cleveland looks back upon it "with satisfaction and self-congratulation."

He evidently does.

THE PRESIDENT.

The New York Evening Post notes that "two emperors," a pontiff, and tens of thousands of less illustrious persons have hastened to congratulate Mr. Roosevelt. The uncounted throng contains, doubtless many who distrust crowned heads and rail at the Roman supremacy. Yet here they are all—Kaisers and cattle rangers, prelates and Presbyterians—joined in a common enthusiasm. Populists forgot to scorn Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, the Octopus rejoices fraternally with "God's patient poor," one touch of Theodore "makes the whole world kin."

The Post is a cynical sheet. Between the lines it is easy to read that in the judgment of the Post, it is a foolish thing for the world to wish a President well, whom the Post did not wish to see elected, but is not the fact that the world and all ranks and conditions of men pay the President the homage of their kindly greetings, proof in itself that the judgment of the great world's masses is guided by a clearer instinct, that even a great scholarly newspaper, when the scholars